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A

TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS

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A TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

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A

TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS;

OR,

LINES SUGGESTED BY A

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.

1837.

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All that the Author of these Stanzas has attempted, is to lay before his reader a rough sketch of those objects with which he felt himself the most interested, and at the same time to convey the train of thoughts they severally awakened in his mind.

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CONTENTS.

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A TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

In days of yore when Harold crossed the seas,[1]
Satiety had turned his mirth to woe,
He found those pleasures would no longer please
Which revelry and sparkling wine bestow,
(The only pleasures he had lived to know);
Thus, wearied with excess he turned away,
No sigh was heard, no tear was seen to flow,
As homeless, reckless of a home to stray,
Climates afar he sought, where scorching sun-beams play.

II.

Not so, a youth, who leaves his cherished home
To scan the varied form of nature's face ;
Where'er the truant's steps may idly roam,
His soul in fancy still will fondly trace
That home, which distance never can efface ;
Nor quits his hearth through dull satiety,
But longs to traverse o'er a wider space,
Mankind to contemplate with curious eye,
Or, gaze on spots en-famed in olden History.

III.

Nor his the eagle's wings that HAROLD knew,
On which to soar aloft and seek the light ;
A lower height must e'er content his view,
He wends his course with slow unsteady flight,
And dazzled shuns the mid-day's sunbeam bright ;
And oft he lags, and jaded seeks the shade,
Like the sad drowsy moping bird of night,
Who loves to brood where nature has decayed,
And Time has ruthless been, tho' spoiler's hands have stayed.

IV.

FAREWELL the Poet's cliff![2] I would full fain,
A Muse like his would deign to follow me,
Would leave her classic rill, and plough the main,
And wake her silent harp of minstrelsy :
But why lament since this can never be ?
'Twere vain in me to sue the sacred Nine,
Since Fate has e'er decreed that none but he,
The son of Nature, kindly born to shine,
Can wreaths of deathless bays around his brows entwine.

V.

My country fades ! the faintest streak appears !
And now 'tis gone ! but Hope forbids to weep ;
One pleasing thought my drooping spirit cheers,
Yes, once again my eyes shall view that steep !
'Tis now a stranger's shore, whereon I leap ;
Tho' constant novelty the mind enthrals,
This land awakes a sense that cannot sleep,
And deeds of valour back to life recals,
For here will e'er abide the spirit of the GAULS !

VI.

Behold where stands the capital of France!
The wondrous scenes thy latest history tells,
Seem like the fictions painted in romance,
On which the mind amazed—bewildered dwells.
How many a manly breast in secret swells
Among the fickle crowd I gaze upon,
With deadly hate; a spirit there rebels
Against a Monarch's sway, and thousands long
To join in open arms, the reckless maddening throng!

VII.

Nor has the past a lesson been to thee,
Tho' less had proved instruction to the wise;
A deeper tide of blood there yet must be
Before that restless warring spirit dies,
And Peace dare quit her mansion in the skies:
Tho' Pleasure holds her court within thy walls,
I hear a harsher note than her's arise,
The drum's loud beat in sullen accents falls,
And louder than the drum, the brazen trumpet calls.[3]

VIII.

Far o'er the deep there rose a flaming star,
Which lit the frighted world with lurid light,
Big with the destinies of direful war,
It waxed in splendour with each bloody fight,
Till blazing forth from its meridian height
On AUSTERLITZ a gorgeous lustre threw,
And trembling EUROPE shuddered at the sight:
That star grew pale as Moscow redder grew,
And waned—and slowly sank, to set at WATERLOO!

IX.

Engendered first, 'mid anarchy of states,
Nursed in the camp, and cradled in the war,
Child of bright Genius, darling of the Fates,
Thy god was fame, and glory was thy star.
The deadly passions which contending jar,
And tear the entrails of their parent land,
Thou yoked like dragons to thy iron car,
And proudly curbed them with thy master hand,
To turn their headlong-speed where'er thy genius planned.

X.

Deserted FRANCE! thy master-mind has fled!
Where now the kingdoms which his sceptre swayed?
Where now the legions vast his eagles led
Through seas of blood invincible to wade?
But where the might that time has not decayed?
Immortal Fame her lasting record keeps,
And there thy deathless name can never fade,
Altho' no angel o'er thy willow weeps,[5]
And exiled far from home, thy giant spirit sleeps!

XI.

Where'er I turn, this city holds to view
Some image that recals the mighty dead;
In silence here we contemplate anew
The dream-like features of the scene that's fled;
The arch of triumph, and the sculptured head,
The splendid palaces, and works of art,
And e'en the sacred dust on which we tread
To kindred souls a feeling can impart;
And all the sleeping past, will back to being start!

XII.

Beneath that gilded dome[6] in clusters hang,
A thousand banners of the vanquished foe,
Rare trophies gained from every blushing land
Save one, and here 'tis thine no shame to know;
I feel within a Briton's spirit glow,
Which proudly kindles as I gaze the while
On all the spoils that EUROPE can bestow,
Yet wanting one to crown the gorgeous pile,
The dauntless flag that streams o'er ALBION's sea-girt Isle.

XIII.

And can it be within this warlike land,
That tender pity dwells in human guise?
Ah! yes, I see a heavenly sister band[7]
Who justly claim a mission from the skies;
Their souls are fraught with human sympathies;
Like angels in disguise they gather round
To smooth the pillow where the sick man lies;
Ev'n nobles' daughters in this garb are found,
Whom FRANCE has proudly held, as honored and renowned.

XIV.

Nor cease with life the charities of love,
For friendship's last sweet care e'en yet attends
The honored dust that ne'er can soar above,
But with its kindred clay returning blends:
Go climb that hill,[8] 'tis there affection lends
A lasting memory to countless dead;
A grateful voice from every grave ascends,
The simple cross which marks the peasant's bed
Speaks louder than the tomb with sculptured marble spread!

XV.

There, rose and lily shed a rich perfume,
And nightingales pour forth their softest lays,
They strive to banish from the dreary tomb
The fearful shudder which its horrors raise,
That sickening thought, mortality decays!
'Tis here, the lover bending o'er the urn,
Where crumbling into dust that heart now lies,
Which once with plighted love was wont to burn,
Hangs still another wreath, to wither in its turn!

XVI.

All cold and still within that marble tomb,
A noble father and his daughter[9] rest,
Nor could her piety avert the doom
Which wrapped in dismal shrouds her bridal vest,
And blighted all the hopes that love had blest:
For none e'er breathed a holier flame than thine;
Thy marriage wreath was wove—but heaven's behest
'Twas, round thy sepulchre that wreath should twine,
And thou the first to fade, angelic CLEMENTINE!

XVII.

I saw one desolate and nameless grave
Amidst the motley heaps that mark the dead,
But read no triumphs of the sleeping brave,
For here, no marble reared its sculptured head;
O'er the cold dust a lonely woodbine spread,
And sweetly blossomed on the mouldering clay;
Methought, 'twould best adorn some widow's bed,
Not grace the spot where one unhonored lay,
The wayward child of war! the hapless gallant NEY![10]

XVIII.

The wise and great, the valiant, and august,
Here quickly leave the objects they adore,
And, all that's mortal, mingles with the dust;
While faithful friends may linger and deplore.
Massena here, thy countless wars are o'er;
David, thy pencil quits its finished task;
Sad love-sick Heloise will dream no more,
And sobbing wake, and strive with feverish grasp
The image of her lord, her Abelard to clasp.

XIX.

Thou city of the dead! sad, lovely spot!
Lost in remembrance, buried in the past,
Here, one might deem the present were forgot!
I dearly love this potent charm thou hast!
Bound by thy spell, I linger to the last,
And tread again each cherished hallowed maze:
Within the circle of thy confines vast
There lives a chronicle of bye-gone days,
Which freely speaks their meed of censure or of praise.

XX.

Paris, adieu! a long, a last adieu!
Farewell! to all this fleeting world calls great,
The Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles, St. Cloud,
The fit abodes of royalty and state,
Do all, the destinies of changeful fate
In glaring colours to the stranger show;
Here emperors may learn to abdicate
The brightest crowns that fortune can bestow,
So speaks the parchment[11] scroll, that hangs in Fountainebleau.

SWITZERLAND

AND

ITALY.

SWITZERLAND.

XXI.

The Alps! the Alps! what grandeur in that view!
Beneath, here, slowly winds the serpent Soane!
There, rise the Pyrenees in azure hue!
And, far as eye can trace, the rapid Rhone
Leads to the footstool of the Alpine throne,
Where Europe's kings magnificently stand;
And higher than the rest one sits alone,
The hoary monarch of the giant band,
And frowns in stillness dread, o'er the wide prostrate land![12]

XXII.

I fain would gaze, but evening's lengthening shade.
Teach me through yonder vale to bend my way;
Soft twilight reigns amid the verdant glades;
That rapid-rolling flood still chides delay;
Tho' oft along its shores I long to stay,
And gaze upon its blue and lovely tide;
Or wondering peep at nature's frolic play,
Where she awhile that stream is pleased to hide
From man's too prying eye, in caverns deep and wide.[13]

XXIII.

Geneva! how I love thy glassy lake,
'Tis here, the weary soul might sink to rest,
And lulled to slumber ne'er again to wake
Repose for ever on thy tranquil breast.
Here smiling peace would dwell a constant guest,
And plenty pour her rich o'erflowing horn.
I know no sweeter spot by nature blest
For man's delight; with each successive morn
Again more glorious scenes this paradise adorn!

XXIV.

'Tis midnight now, I feel its witching power.
How softly shines the gentle orb of night,
And pours on CHILLON's venerable tower
A pallid stream of chequered silvery light!
And mountains rise in dim stupendous height!
While LEMAN slumbers at their rugged feet,
Nor swells one wave of sparkling chrystal white
To wake the silent shore with distant beat,
Where watchful glow-worms shine, as thousand diamonds meet!

XXV.

Lord of the ALPS![14] a pilgrim to thy shrine,
I leave the peaceful scenes which lie below.
I climb amidst thy lofty mountain pine;
Now, dazzled view thy wilderness of snow;
The spell's dissolved—Lo! how the torrents flow!
Here, Avalanche has burst—how yawns the wound—
The rocks are riven—'tis nature's overthrow!
How fair, how verdant once that fated ground;
All now is desolate!—Death's triumphs here abound!

XXVI.

Amazed I stand on molten seas of glass ;[15]
Chasms yawning 'neath me, fathomless descend :
I see a mountain-eagle slowly pass,
Who from his stately course scarce deigns to bend ;
His eyry, where those countless spires ascend
And seem to touch the deep blue cloudless sky,
The lightning's vivid flash alone can rend !
'Tis here, that man's proud heart must sink and die ;
'Tis death to gaze below ! 'tis vain to look on high !

XXVII.

The hunter of the Alps is wont to scale
The eagle's crag, the chamois' dreary home ;
Born in the bosom of that verdant vale
He learns in boyhood on thy snows to roam,
Or cross where torrents rage, and frantic foam ;
And grown familiar with thy frozen face,
Has led e'en strangers to thy fearful dome ;
And one fair daughter of this hardy race
Has dared upon thy brow, her giddy foot to place ![16]

XXVIII.

By day—by night, in calms or angry storms,
When closely viewed, or at a distance seen,
It matters not,—thy endless giant forms
Start from their base with such majestic mien,
The soul astonished reels.—The dazzling sheen
Of thy eternal trackless spotless snows
Well shadows forth the purity, I ween,
Of HIM at whose command thy summit rose
To reign above the clouds, in lofty calm repose.

XXIX.

I onward pass beneath la BATHIA'S[17] tower.
There, walls and dungeon moulder in decay;
Sad faded emblem of a bishop's power,
Who held this lovely vale in iron sway!
I tread on CÆSAR'S venerable way,
That leads from SION'S grey monastic steep;
And tarry for the roseate dawn of day,
Where TURTMANN'S lofty foaming torrents leap;
To climb the SIMPLON'S brow, with slow-ascending sweep.

XXX.

The sun is up ! I mount the winding steep
Amidst the mighty pines that clothe its sides ;
Down to the vale I take a farewell peep,
One tiny speck the feeble vision guides.
It marks a town,[18] and there a river glides
That seems a silken twist, but now 'tis lost !
And forward still I climb with rapid strides
Amidst the regions of eternal frost,
Where many an Avalanche, with thundering roar has crossed !

XXXI.

The summit past, a torrent[19] leads the way ;
The mountain opens as I onward tread,
And towering proudly dims the light of day ;
A world of rocks seems frowning o'er my head ;
Lo ! cascades leaping from their rocky bed
Descend from that immeasurable height—
Now like a mist—now waving like a thread
Of silver, on a ground as black as night,
Steal down some wild abyss, and vanish from the sight.[20]

XXXII.

Oft through the chambers of the solid rock
With twilight horrors clad, the road descends;
Nor can a mountain's granite bosom block
The dread defile that it in vain defends!
Hark! hark! that cataract[21] its anger spends
Beneath the arch which trembled as I passed:
For leagues this scene of grandeur never ends!
But each seems yet more wondrous than the last;
The gorge but deeper grows, the precipice more vast!

XXXIII.

The magic art this noble rout displays,
Affords a pleasure novel to the soul;
A striking image of that mind displays
Whose daring genius planned the wondrous whole![22]
'Tis Art and Nature strive to reach the goal;
For many a weary league they run a race
Where mountains rise, and foaming torrents roll,
The one seems winner now, but soon gives place
To Nature's giant strides, and follows in her trace!

XXXIV.

THE sun has set; the moon begins her reign;
The fire-flies flash incessant in the air—
Yes! now I see that famed ITALIAN plain,[23]
Spread out beneath the shining moon-beams there!
Methinks, I ne'er beheld a land more fair,
More soft, luxurious, and sweet than thine!
Thy rich and fruitful soil seems formed to bear
The fattening olive, and the purple vine—
From tree to tree I see, the pendant festoons twine!

XXXV.

MAGGIORE! on thy sleeping waters,
I view a pale enchanted palace[24] rise;
'Tis here ITALIA'S dark-haired daughters,
May wondering gaze upon the deep blue skies;
Or, to the SIMPLON turn their jet-black eyes;
In thy green mirror they may daily see
Their own fair face, and every form that lies
Reflected there; tower, mountain, town, or tree;
Or nightly count beneath, what glittering worlds there be!

XXXVI.

'Tis sweet to watch the gorgeous setting sun
Gild all the mountains rising on thy shore—
See! yonder bark returns, its labour done;
One moment—and I hear the plashing oar;
And now 'tis softly hushed—I hear no more.
With fragrance on its wings, a breeze comes on;
And sighing yields the lake its balmy[25] store;
That form colossal[26] waxes grey and wan;
The landscape softly fades; the king of day is gone!

XXXVII.

Behold, where that proud arch[27] in triumph stands!
See AUSTRIA'S guards advance, arrayed in white,
In files parading with their martial bands;
Enslaved and fallen MILAN shuns the sight!
Beneath those veils, where woman's eye shines bright,
I see a lovely face of classic mould,
A form how slender, and a step how light!
But yet, not such as FLORENCE can unfold!
Where beauty rivals her's,[28] who reigned in days of old.

XXXVIII.

Gay FLORENCE! colder climes can boast with thee,
But not of coal-black eye or sable hair;
A softer charm is theirs, all womanly:
Methinks, in eyes that dazzle, pierce, and glare,
Something there is, so darkly lurking there,
They startle—scare. All harmless as the dove,
I know one northern eye, so soft, so clear,
'Tis sweet to gaze on, blue as heaven above;
Such was thy peerless eye, thou sea-born queen of love!

XXXIX.

Thus as I wend me on my pilgrimage,
My thoughts will flit to one now far away—
Forgive those words! thou may'st not view this page;
Thou may'st not know how oft my soul would stray
From giant forms, which nature's might display,
E'en back to nature's loveliest, sweetest flower!
I did not bid each fond remembrance stay—
It came unasked—yet ne'er resigns its power,
By day an image bright,—a dream at sleeping hour!

XL.

Behold the dazzling sheen of that vast fane ;
Its countless statues seem to touch the skies,
And angel-like look down upon the plain
As far as ALPS and APENNINES arise :
Whoe'er within this matchless temple hies
Will feel a holier flame illume his soul.
In fragrant clouds the incense upward flies ;
Hark ! through the sounding isles the anthems roll—
One long loud burst of praise, pervades the sacred whole !

XLI.

Here lies ST. CARLO in his chrystal shrine ;[29]
His deeds of love adorn these silver walls ;[30]
But e'en where pomp and splendour thus combine,
The form of death the troubled heart appals :
Alas ! thy mouldering corse but mockery calls
Such pageantry amidst its cold remains,
The blaze which on thy golden vestment falls
Displays thy shrivelled skin, where throbbed thy veins,
While life still breathed in thee, its pleasures and its pains !

XLII.

Thy deeds were good, thy fame has long to live ;
Thy soul perchance now mingles with the blest ;
Nor can the boons, which mighty monarchs give
Afford thy pure seraphic spirit rest !
Why glares his ghastly form in gorgeous vest ?
Why hangs that jewelled crown above his head ?
That heart, and emerald cross upon his breast ?
Or golden cherub sentinels his bed ?
Their orient splendour now, seems but to mock the dead !

XLIII.

Milan ! thy Course is peopled by the gay,
Thy nobles wear a careless thoughtless smile ;
By night, what thousands bend their listless way
Where diamonds sparkle bright in Scala's[31] pile,
And music's sweetest voice is heard the while !
St. Ambrose'[32] walls are decked with works of art,
And learned volumes writ in olden style ;
But these to some no pleasure can impart,
Whose duller souls ne'er grieve, tho' brightest gems depart !

XLIV.

A Sabbath eve on Como's verdant shore !
How many barks are floating o'er the lake !
Hark ! hark ! I hear the cannon's thundering roar,
And now Raymonda's[33] rolling echoes wake !
What multitudes the sultry town forsake !
Gay music steals from every martial band !
Both old and young the festive mirth partake ;
What beauteous women crowd upon the strand !
And this a Sabbath eve ! This called a Christian land !

XLV.

'Tis not for me to blame ;—Is London free
From scenes like this ? What says the teeming Park
Where fashion's sabbath dearly loves to be ?
What say those crowds who reeling home at dark,
By revelry this day of blessing mark ?
What say those dulcet sounds within our walls,
Where some gay songstress carols like the lark,
But veils the entrance of her festive halls,
Yet still the sabbath's broke, o'er which the curtain falls !

XLVI.

I love to float on COMO's sea-green tide,
And view the olive groves along its shore;
By thy white walls VARENNA now I glide,
Now towards that villa stretch my lingering oar,
Where lived a BRITISH QUEEN,[34] but now no more!
What splendid mountains rise in verdant green!
What balmy breezes on thy bosom pour!
Nature is rich—is lavish here, I ween,
Of all the hues, shades, forms, that deck the fairest scene.

XLVII.

Behold LUGANO basking in the sun,
She seems asleep upon her rocky bed;
Their early toil her daughters have begun,
Beneath their vines they wind the golden thread;[35]
And Nature's lap with opening flowers is spread;
My fate forbids me longer here to dwell,
I soon must o'er ST. GOTHARD's summit tread,
And bid these lovely scenes a last farewell,
A pilgrim to the shrine of freedom's first-born, TELL.

XLVIII.

Now up the winding gorge,[36] the rugged way,
'Mid towering heights by weary steps ascends:
What horrid forms I see at close of day!
A mingled chaos in the darkness blends!
Nought, but the distant gleam the lightning sends
By fits across my path, a moment's glare
And all is night—anon, the fire-fly lends
Her wanton spark while flitting through the air,
To pierce the dreadful gloom—to save me from despair!

XLIX.

League after league, I seek my night's abode,
These weary hours will never be forgot!
Hark! mighty cataracts[37] roar along my road;
I breathe their chilling breath, but see them not!
The pitchy darkness of this lonesome spot
At length displays a faint and distant light,
Perchance some phantom—no, a friendly cot
Hangs out a beacon from the rocky height;
'Tis here the way-worn wight, may haply pass the night.

L.

I slept at the foot of St. Gothard's throne,
Lo! now 'tis noon—I stand upon his brow;
Here, many a lovely plant by nature sown
Blooms fresh and fair as melts the spotless snow;
Yes! painted butterflies I see below;
They sip the nectar from some short-lived flower;
Blushing around, the Alpine-roses blow;
Far, far beneath, I spy Airolo's tower;
Behind, the Hospice[38] once, long braved the snow storm's power.

LI.

Grand as thou art, the Simplon rivals thee
In rocky heights stupendous and sublime.
Ev'n now, beneath thy snow-clad gallery,[39]
Where Avalanche in spring and winter time
Was wont to sweep the daring sons that climb
Thy sacred brow into the gulph below,
I pass unhurt; nor tremble at my crime—
If crime it may be called, for one so low,
To overleap the bounds of thy wide trackless snow!

LII.

See! where the REUSS[40] pours forth its foaming surge,
A rocky mountain rears its frowning head:
Methinks, that tide sounds as a solemn dirge,
Sung o'er the fearful grave of those who bled,
And stained with gore thy roaring torrents, red;
Methinks, I hear the shriek of wild despair
As fell that arch into thy rugged bed;
Awhile, the thundering cannon ceased to glare,
As horse and rider blent, in death lay mingled there!

LIII.

Perched in the crannies of a lofty rock,
A Châlet's lattice glitters in the sun;
That mountain damsel tends her little flock
Where'er the summer's verdure has begun;
And now bright Phœbus' daily course is run
She leads them homeward to their pine-log fold;
Her free-born sire—her brothers one by one,
The hardy tillers of the scanty mould,
Return in peace at eve, and climb their rocky hold.

LIV.

Hold—now I tread where freedom's children dwell ;
'Twas here,[41] the Tyrant bid thee prove thy skill ;
There,[42] thou first drew thy breath, immortal TELL,
Within that hamlet on the verdant hill ;
'Twas there, thou felt thy life-blood first to thrill,
Thy soul to kindle for thy Country's sake ;
Thou left thy lowly cot and purling rill
A hated Tyrant's galling chain to break,
An outlaw 'mid the heights, that guard this blue-waved lake.[43]

LV.

Ye fair and smiling, but deceitful waves![44]
Who now beholds your easy swelling tide,
Which round these heights with gentlest murmur laves,
Would deem, there lurked beneath an ocean's pride!
That these still waves in lofty mountains ride,
And, 'mid their billows every bark must sink,
Where one black caldron rages deep and wide—
But, could that bark have lived, 'twere vain to think,
Those rampart rocks would spare, that frown around the brink!

LVI.

The fame of ONE lives here, and ne'er has slept!
That Chapel marks the freeman's daring leap;[45]
On yon grey rock the THREE[46] their vigils kept:
A Patriot's spirit hovers o'er the deep,
And haunts each mossy dell, each frowning steep.
Ay! long will vengeance brood where GESSLER fell;[47]
O'er his lorn ruined tower no mourners weep.
'Mid giant scenes like these there well might dwell,
The matchless soul that fired the free-born breast of TELL!

LVII.

I deem no other lake can boast like thine,
Of every scene that's beauteous and fair,
While every form stupendous and sublime
In frozen splendour rudely mingles there!
What can with LUCERN's winning smile compare?
Or what with bold PILATUS' frowning height,
Yon range of summits glittering in the air?
Say! say!—can EUROPE boast another sight
So rife with every charm, to ravish and delight.

LVIII.

At eve, I climb the RHIGI's rugged brow ;
I view a threatening cloud enwrap its side ;
'Tis rolling on—'tis red—'tis rending now—
Ha ! see ! how bright, how swift the lightnings glide
With vivid glare into the foaming tide
Far, far below ; they fill the burning lake !
The sulphureous canopy rolls dense and wide
Around its shore ; how wild the thunders break,—
Tremble the eternal hills, the ancient mountains quake !

LIX.

The first wild crash has past ! 'tis silence here ;
The nearest mountain now has heard that roar,
And backward flings its echoes on the ear,
Their lengthened peal seems louder than before,
So full, so deep, so dread, its thunders pour :
Ten thousand voices mingling reach the skies ;
They feebler grow ; but one is heard—'tis o'er ;
Hush ! 'tis but fancy—no—for hark ! where rise
Those peaks, one sullen murmur wakes awhile, and dies !

LX.

'Tis gone! that lurid cloud has spent its ire;
It leaves the world to darkness and to sleep:
Now, slowly chimes a bell from unseen spire,
How soft, how faint that sound, as zephyrs sweep
The distant curfew tinkling o'er the deep!
'Tis hushed—but hark! a second yet more near
Peals forth with silver tone beneath yon steep;
Its warnings cease, but wake another here,
And numbers still around, successive reach the ear!

LXI.

When every bell has spoke the midnight hour,
And all is lulled to rest; when moon-beams play
Where crags on crags in twilight grandeur tower
Ev'n higher far than hunter climbs by day;
TELL'S shade is seen to glide, the peasants say,
From rock to rock; high o'er the sleeping lakes
His deathless shafts are heard to wend their way;
The eagle flaps his wings, and screaming wakes;
The chamois dreads their sound, and forth from covert breaks.

LXII.

'Tis early morn, the east is streaked with light;
A lingering mist o'erhangs the pallid west;
The mountain's feet seem wrapped in drowsy night;
The lakes are shrouded in a cold grey vest;
The universal world seems still at rest.
But see! those frozen peaks have caught a ray
Of new-born light, which gilds each icy crest,
And gently stealing downward marks the way
Of the all-glorious one, the Exhaustless Fount of day!

LXIII.

He comes! He comes! in splendour and in might,
The golden SUN! I hear the Alpine horn!
The light has travelled down the mountain's side;
Again the Alpine minstrel greets the morn!
From ROSSBERG's heights his matin song is borne;
The lakes grow red, and PHŒBUS gilds the plains;
The mist has gone; one robe does now adorn
All nature's works; nor yet one spot remains
In drowsy sleep. Awake! fresh vigour fill my veins!

LXIV.

Awake, my soul! awake; arouse, for now,
Yes now, unmingled rapture thou shalt know!
While life, and youth their daylight dreams allow;
While still unmixed with care, untinged with woe
The life-blood's first, fresh, joyous torrents flow.
Yes now, I feel the magic of this land,
Of palaces and seas of ice! where flow
Ten thousand floods from heaven, by fairy's wand,
Waved into silence all, and melting kiss the strand.

LXV.

The land, where rivers rob their hue from heaven;
Where hoary mountains blush at even-tide;
Where thunderbolts of snow the rocks have riven;
Where roses blossom on the glacier's side;
Where fire-flies flash and o'er the torrents ride;
Where Night with death-pale Iris loves to roam;
Where TELL'S wild spectre still is seen to glide;
Where Nature's Babel rears its guiltless dome;
Where freedom, ay and love, have ever found a home!

LXVI.

'Twere vain indeed to count those Alpine peaks,
To name the seas which lie beneath their feet;
The eye bewildered 'mid their splendour seeks
Some tranquil home, some quiet cool retreat:
There, where those woody slopes in olive meet,
Behold the Tyrant's grey and ruined tower!
Eastward I gaze, on once the happy seat
Of smiling hamlets,[48] in one hapless hour,
Laid waste, and prostrate 'neath that mighty mountain's power!

LXVII.

I pass by SARNEN'S lake and LUNGERN'S wave;
ROSENLAUI now, I climb thine icy spires,
I wander through each magic crystal cave,
Which sparkles bright with thousand wondrous fires:
Thy virgin purity, which still conspires
To hold by magic rapt the wildered eye,
Where the cold shadow falls a tint acquires
Of deepest blue,—it shames the pallid sky:
Around thy rugged base, what Aiguilles tower on high!

LXVIII.

And higher still, that Pyramid[49] of snow,
Looks down upon this wild, this matchless scene,
As monarchs gaze upon a prostrate foe;
It reigns arrayed in dazzling silvery sheen,
From age to age—eternally, I ween,
Breathes forth the icy breath that chills its side,
And every stranger's soul that here has seen
Its frozen image reared in lofty pride,
Amidst the fading stars, at early morning tide.

LXIX.

The Reichenbach flows on, each wild cascade
A shining messenger from Jove detains,
When flaming Phœbus half his course has made,
Iris again her heavenly mansion gains:[50]
This flood will lead me to the fertile plains;
And now on Brientz tide I stretch my oar;
Around these mountains dreary silence reigns,
Save as the zephyrs bring the distant roar
Of Giesbach's hundred falls, or music from the shore.

LXX.

How wild this spot![51] the waters o'er me roar,
They headlong fall betwixt me and the sky,
Far, far, below, their chilling torrents pour;
One step divides me from eternity!
I creep beneath this dripping rock, and see
Of varied hue descend, a watery sheet,
Which forms in mist a mighty Canopy.
For some fair Naiad sure this spot were meet,
The genius of the falls—but void is her retreat!

LXXI.

Haply she's charmed to yonder Châlet's side,
For list! wild music steals upon the ear,
It rises now, it echoes far and wide;
And louder grown, and fuller and more near
A chorus swells in accents shrill and clear;
Soft voices mingle with the Alpine horn.
These strains[52] oft cost the wandering Swiss a tear:
When heard away from home, his heart is borne
Back to his father-land, from whence 'twas bleeding torn.

SONG.

1

Land of mountains! land of snows!
Joyous land of liberty!
Where a SPARTAN spirit glows,
Spirit of Thermopylæ!
Where's the Tyrant? Where's the foe?
Stranger, tell me, dost thou know?
Graves are all I now can see!
SWITZERLAND and Liberty!

CHORUS.

Where's the Tyrant, &c.

2

Nature's children, wise, and brave,
Are you men as once of old?
Is there one would be a slave?
One be bought by paltry gold?
By the fane, where GESSLER fell;
By the sacred shade of TELL;
By the flash, that scathes the fir;
Still we are the men we were!

CHORUS.

By the fane, where &c.

3

Now that battle's strife is o'er,
Crowning you with victory,
Will you revel evermore,
Plunged in slothful luxury?
Stranger, tho' we live in peace,
Hunter's perils never cease,
Perils thou may'st vainly guess
'Mid our frozen wilderness!

CHORUS.

Stranger, tho' we &c.

4

Stranger, here 'twere vain to woo,
E're the swain had learned to war ;
E're his aim fell dead and true,
'Mid the Chamois from afar.
SWITZERLAND has Spartan games,
Lovers there contend for dames ;
Winners there, may wooers be,
As in days of Chivalry.

CHORUS.

SWITZERLAND has Spartan &c.

5

Tell us not of coal-black eye ;
Tell us not of sable hair ;
These but speak too mournfully,
Alpine damsels should be fair ;
Fair we ween, with eyes of blue ;
Locks of orient golden hue ;
Hearts which ever will be free,
SWITZERLAND and Liberty !

CHORUS.

Fair we ween, &c.

6

Land of mountains! Land of snows!
Joyous land of liberty!
Where a SPARTAN spirit glows,
Spirit of Thermopylæ!
Where's the Tyrant? Where's the foe?
Stranger, tell me, dost thou know?
Graves are all I now can see!
SWITZERLAND and Liberty!

CHORUS.

Where's the Tyrant? &c.

LXXII.

The sun is shining full on STAUBBACH's[53] stream;
Her fleecy locks are waving fresh and fair,
And every silvery tress attracts a beam
Brighter than diamonds in a lady's hair.
Behold that cloud, an Iris sitting there,
With painted bow amidst the dazzling light,
Reigns queen of all; to dreams one may compare
That flood by magic mute, which vaults the height—
And frolics in mid-air, as 'twere unwilling to alight!

LXXIII.

At morn, I climb the WENGAN'S ALPINE steep,
And see arrayed in spotless purity,
The virgin queen of mountains wake from sleep;
Thy misty veils slow melting upward flee;
The bashful garb of thy virginity,
Inwraps thy cruel breast in dazzling white—
Perchance there is a heart which cold like thee,
Love never yet has moved, nor can invite
Its proud, relentless self, at Hymen's fane to plight!

LXXIV.

'Tis strange that thou shouldst hold a name[54] so fair!
Thy angry voice still thunders in my ears;
Yon lofty frozen peaks,[55] grown hoary there,
Have stood with thee through all the countless years,
By night and day, thy veteran compeers
Since time began;—where then thy boast of youth?
No smiling verdure on thy side appears,
Or lovely blooming flowers, its surer proof;
Far from thy barren breast, the living stand aloof.

LXXV.

Not so thy daughters, happy SWITZERLAND!
I love to see your sparkling clear blue eyes,
And rosy cheeks by purest breezes fanned,
Your tresses floating 'mid the zephyrs sighs;
Warm are your hearts, there sweet contentment lies,
And prints a dimple on each smiling face,
Which speaks that joy the free-born heart supplies;
Here beauty too bestows a truer grace,
A form, in servile lands, that goddess ne'er can trace.

LXXVI.

The sun descends,—I ne'er shall see again
That sun go down and gild each kingly head.
Upon these ramparts[56] mournful I remain,
And fondly watch the changeful tints that spread
O'er each hoar brow, as those around the bed
Of sickness mark each hurried flush that sweeps
Across the pallid cheek, ere life has fled;
So here, I lingering gaze; my spirit weeps;
Like dearest parting friends, I view those ALPINE steeps.

LXXVII.

A dusky hue comes creeping o'er the plain ;
Lo ! now, methinks, it climbs each mountain's side ;
Their gold grows dim, their glory's on the wane,
As up the heights the murky shadows glide ;
Where now your life, and light, and gorgeous pride ?
Methinks, those giant forms wax cold and dead.
But see ! they breathe again, for far and wide,
There kindles on their snows a ruby red !
A moment too—and that last hectic flush has fled.

THE RHINE

AND

BELGIUM.

THE RHINE.

LXXVIII.

Ye wondrous falls,[57] How vast your angry sea!
Since time began, till time shall be no more,
Through all the ages of futurity,
Your mighty waste of waters still will pour,
Nor cease awhile their thundering deafening roar.
A speck, a mite, a helpless worm, I feel,
And tremble standing on your sounding shore;
O'er the wild tumult of your surge I reel;
Strange horrors chill my veins, and o'er my senses steal!

LXXIX.

But hold! a thought has crossed my giddy brain.
This wide majestic tide must cease to flow,
Time will disclose its splendour on the wane;
"This speck, this mite, this helpless worm" will show
Itself immortal, while the flood below,
Will vanish as a dream at dawn of day.
Yes! then proud river thou shalt have to know
Thyself an emblem formed but to decay,
And thine the fate of things, which earth-born pass away!

LXXX.

And now I gaze on BADEN'S[58] motley crowd,
Where beauty walks, and fashion loves to flaunt.
I see the rich, the poor, the gay, the proud,
And e'en the sick this scene of pleasure haunt,
And force a smile, as if in health to vaunt
Some dear enjoyment once, they now abhor;
The poor were rich, but they must bear the taunt,—
At such the finger raised in scorn I saw,
Beggars by one die's cast, they curse the "rouge et noir"!

LXXXI.

High on that hill which frowns o'er NECKAR's tide,
There lives a monument[59] of bye-gone days.
Amidst its roofless walls, and ramparts wide
By lightning scathed, by fire, by deadly frays
Thrice ruined, yet e'en thus the wreck displays
A form far more majestic still, I ween,
Than when its festive lord sat crowned with bays,
'Mid glittering crowds, and with a monarch's mien
Quaffed the o'erflowing bowl, and pledged his blue-eyed Queen

LXXXII.

My bark is floating on the lovely RHINE,
Nor stays to count the ruins on its steeps,
Or gaze upon the tempting purple vine,
That crowns these verdant slopes, and downward peeps
While this gay river to the ocean sweeps,
It smiles, not weeps though grandeur's reign is o'er:
At every bend some giant fortress keeps
Its mute and deathlike guard along the shore,
No watchman on its tower, no warder at its door!

LXXXIII.

Thy ashes CHARLEMAGNE are sleeping there![60]
And here I sit upon thy marble throne:
Where now the terrors of thy sword? and where
Thy regal pomp? this worn and mouldering stone
To tell what once thou wast, remains alone;
And yet methinks, it speaks with louder tongue
Than monuments with gold and silver strown,
With blazoned arms, or gaudy tinsel hung,
Or decked with pompous strains, by hireling minstrels sung.

LXXXIV.

Along the rocky valley of the MEUSE,
I bend my steps to visit scenes of strife,
I quit these picturesque, these peaceful views,
For blood-stained fields with fame and carnage rife.
Tho' every Briton loves as dear as life
His freedom bought by hearts as brave as true,
Yet far away, the mother, sister, wife
Still curse that fight, and pour their tears for you
Who found a hero's grave—the boon of WATERLOO!

LXXXV.

That flaming star, which 'frighted all the world
And monarchs held enslaved, a countless train.
Down from its height by Heaven's vengeance hurled
Fell like a meteor on this smoking plain,
And sank in blood extinguished 'mid the slain.
But yet not vainly flowed that life-blood tide,
Which ransomed Europe from the tyrant's chain.
Thy glory Wellington will e'er abide
Where conquering Picton fell, and gallant Howard died.

LXXXVI.

How little now to mark this scene of death![61]
How still the graves where thousands 'neath the sod
Here gasped in deadly strife their latest breath,
'Mid sighs and groans; where blood-stained hoofs have trod
Where countless plumes were seen awhile to nod,
As front to front the glittering cohorts stood;
Where death raged on, a fierce avenging god,
And revelled long amid the waste of blood,
Which crimsoned all these slopes with one vast purpling flood

LXXXVII.

When will the fiend, the direful fiend of war
Ride on the blast, and scorch the world no more?
When will that god dismount his iron car,
Nor wade again 'mid tides of reeking gore?
Shall e'er be lulled to rest the cannon's roar?
Oh! curst Ambition in the breast of kings!
For sure, will Heaven its wrathful vials pour
So long as man to lust of empire clings;
Himself upon himself, its awful vengeance brings!

LXXXVIII.

Antwerp, thy Citadel lies prostrate here;
I mournful stand upon its ruined wall;
These mounds but yesterday the hero's bier
Will soon be shrouded in a grassy pall.
'Twas there the legions armed by hostile Gaul,
Intrenched in thousands, round thy ramparts lay;
Here, as thy bulwarks one by one did fall,
The gallant Chassé held thy foes at bay,
And vainly courted death, amidst that fearful fray.

LXXXIX.

This city RUBENS speaks thy deathless fame,
Upon these walls[62] thy pencil's wondrous art
Within the soul can raise a holy flame,
Which kindles as we gaze, and fills the heart;
Such the soft magic power thou canst impart.
For say, who can behold this Bleeding-ONE
Pierced on the cross, nor horror-stricken start!
His world of woe! his agony begun!
Lo! the man of sorrows,—yet, still JEHOVAH'S SON!

XC.

BUT hush! my wandering thoughts now turn to home.
In after years my memory will dwell
Where I in youth's gay dream was wont to roam;
For nought but death can break the magic spell,
That binds my heart, and bids my bosom swell,
Whene'er my fancy paints afresh each scene
I loved to view; and oft my tongue will tell,
Again its thrice-told tale to those, I ween,
Whose kindred spirits love to rove, where mine has been.

XCI.

My soul will hover still where LEMAN sleeps ;
Yes ! wing its flight o'er mountains clad in snow ;
Or climb the summits of their rocky steeps,
And gaze upon the purpling lakes below ;
Or watch the ALPS' expiring crimson glow ;
Or lave in COMO's soft, and sea-green tide ;
Or peep at IRIS where her waters flow ;
Or past the shrine of TELL in rapture glide ;
Ah, yes ! 'mid scenes like these, my heart will still abide !

XCII.

A thousand pictures in my memory live,
I would not part with for a monarch's throne ;
'Tis all the treasure that the past can give,
The only treasure I can call my own.
Nor can creation's fairest works be known,
And not one thought of rapture mixed with awe,
Ascend to HIM, whose wondrous hand is shown
Alike from pole to pole, from star to star ;
Of whose Almighty power, the signs unnumbered are !

XCIII.

Thought, is the dearest boon from God to man;
A world within—'tis formed to live and move:
A world, eternity alone can span;
Where the fond soul can cherish,—ay can love—
Can show an innate evidence to prove
A part immortal mingles with our clay;
A thing all bodiless it soars above;
Man can his Maker's image thus display,
Nor time, nor place, nor death, shall take this boon away!

NOTES

TO A

TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

FRANCE.

NOTES.

FRANCE.

1

In days of yore when Harold crossed the seas,

STANZA I.

See CHILDE HAROLD, Canto 1.

2

Farewell the Poet's Cliff! I would full fain,

STANZA IV.

SHAKSPEARE'S Cliff, Dover.

3

And louder than the drum the brazen trumpet calls.

STANZA VII.

While in Paris, the stranger cannot fail to remark the frequent sound of martial music in the streets.

4

To turn their headlong-speed where'er thy genius planned!

STANZA IX.

It was the genius of NAPOLEON, that turned the fiery spirit of the Revolution into a warlike channel, and directed it against foreign powers to his own aggrandizement.

5

Altho' no angel o'er thy willow weeps,

STANZA X.

A willow grows over NAPOLEON'S grave in St. Helena.

6

Beneath that gilded dome in clusters hang

STANZA XII.

The gilded dome of the Hôtel-des-Invalides.

7

Ah! yes, I see a heavenly sister band

STANZA XIII.

The sœurs-de-Charité, some of whom are of noble family.

8

Go climb that hill, 'tis there affection lends

STANZA XIV.

The Cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise.

9

A noble father and his daughter rest,

STANZA XVI.

CLEMENTINE CUVIER, the lovely, accomplished, and pious daughter of the celebrated Baron CUVIER, who died at the time previously fixed for her wedding.

10

The wayward child of war! the hapless gallant Ney!

STANZA XVII.

Marshal NEY's monument had been removed by order of the late government.

11

So speaks the parchment scroll that hangs in Fountainebleau!

STANZA XX.

The parchment written by NAPOLEON, and containing his abdication before going to Elba, is shown at Fountainebleau.

SWITZERLAND,

AND

ITALY.

SWITZERLAND,

AND

ITALY.

12

And frowns in stillness dread o'er the wide prostrate land!

STANZA XXI.

This view is seen from the heights behind Lyons, the blue mountains to the right are a continuation of the Pyrenees.

13

From man's too prying eye, in caverns deep and wide.

STANZA XXII.

The natural curiosity of the Perte-du-Rhone.

14

Lord of the Alps! a pilgrim to thy shrine

STANZA XXV.

Mont Blanc, 15,732 English feet high.

15

Amazed I stand on molten seas of glass,

Stanza XXVI.

The Mer-de-glace.

16

Has dared upon thy brow her giddy foot to place!

Stanza XXVII.

Maria,-de-Mont Blanc.

17

I onward pass beneath la Bathia's tower,

Stanza XXIX.

This picturesque ruin which overlooks the Dranse, belonged to the Prince Bishops of Sion (the ancient Sidunum), remarkable for its isolated craggs, surmounted by the ruins of a castle, and two palaces.

18

It marks a town, and there a river glides

Stanza XXX.

Brieg on the Rhone.

19

The summit past, a torrent leads the way,

Stanza XXXI.

The Doveria.

20

Steal down some wild abyss, and vanish from the sight!

STANZA XXXI.

The gorge is enclosed by perpendicular rocks from 1,500 to 2000 feet high.

21

Hark! hark! that cataract its anger spends

STANZA XXXII.

The Frassionone, which plunges into the Doverio under a bridge at the termination of the Gallery of Gondo.

22

Whose daring genius planned the wondrous whole!

STANZA XXXIII.

Chevalier Céard.

23

Yes! now I see that famed Italian plain

STANZA XXXIV.

The valley of Fontana, and immediately afterwards the Val-d'-Ossola comes in view.

24

I see a pale enchanted palace rise,

STANZA XXXV.

Isola Bella, the splendid palace of the Boromeos.

25

And sighing yields the lake its balmy store;

STANZA XXXVI.

The air is completely scented with the profusion of flowers on the Isola Bella.

26

That form colossal waxes grey and wan;

STANZA XXXVI.

St. Carlo Baromeo's colossal statue.

27

Behold, where that proud arch in triumph stands!

STANZA XXXVII.

Napoleon's Arch, which terminates the Simplon-road at Milan.

28

Where beauty rivals her's, who reigned in days of old.

STANZA XXXVII.

The Venus-de-Medecis.

29

Here lies St. Carlo in his chrystal shrine,

STANZA XLI.

The chrystal coffin is invaluable, and the silver and gold which adorn this shrine are estimated, independently of their workmanship, at 2,000,000 francs.

30

His deeds of love adorn these silver walls;

STANZA XLI.

Silver bas-relevos illustrating the pious actions of St. Carlo.

31

Where diamonds sparkle bright in Scala's pile,

STANZA XLIII.

The great Theatre of Scala.

32

St. Ambrose' walls are decked with works of art,

STANZA XLIII.

The Ambrosian College contains beautiful pictures, and a most valuable library.

33

And now Raymonda's rolling echoes wake!

STANZA XLIV.

The villa Raymonda which serves as a lounge for the inhabitants of Como, and is situated about a mile from the town.

34

Where lived a British Queen, but now no more!

STANZA XLVI.

The unfortunate Caroline.

35

Beneath their vines they wind the golden thread,

STANZA XLVII.

Great numbers of silk-worms are kept here.

36

Now up the winding gorge, the rugged way,

STANZA XLVIII.

From Giornico to Faido.

37

Hark! mighty cataracts roar along my road,

STANZA XLIX.

Innumerable Cataracts pour into the Ticino.

38

Behind, the Hospice once, long braved the snow-storm's power.

STANZA L.

The Hospice was destroyed during the French Revolution.

39

E'en now, beneath thy snow-clad gallery,

STANZA LI.

An Avalanche gallery has been constructed over the most dangerous part of the road.

40

See! where the Reuss pours forth its foaming surge,

STANZA LII.

The Devil's-bridge was the scene of a dreadful encounter between the French and Imperialists in 1799.

41

'Twas here, the Tyrant bid thee prove thy skill,

STANZA LIV.

Altdorf, where TELL is said to have shot the apple from his son's head.

42

There, thou first drew thy breath immortal Tell,

STANZA LIV.

Bürglem.

43

An outlaw 'mid the heights, that guard this blue-waved lake.

STANZA LIV.

The lake of "the three Cantons".

44

Ye fair and smiling, but deceitful waves!

STANZA LV.

This, in common with most of the Swiss lakes, is subject to most sudden, and violent storms.

45

That Chapel marks the freeman's daring leap,

STANZA LVI

The lake is hemmed in by the greater and lesser Achsenberg, which rise perpendicularly from its shore.—The Chapel stands on a small tabular rock, the only landing place.

46

On yon grey rock the three their vigils kept:

STANZA LVI.

Stauffacher, Fiirst, and Arnold.

47

Ay! long will vengeance brood where Gessler fell,

STANZA LVI.

A chapel marks the spot near Kiissnacht, where may be seen also the ruins of Gessler's castle.

48

Of smiling hamlets, in one hapless hour

STANZA LXVI.

Goldau, Busingen, upper and under Rüther, with 457 inhabitants perished on the 2nd September, 1806, by the fall of a portion of the Rossberg.

49

And higher still, that Pyramid of snow

STANZA LXVIII.

The Wetterhorn.

50

Iris again her heavenly mansion gains ;

STANZA LXIX.

The rainbows are not visible after noon.

51

How wild this spot ! the waters o'er me roar,

STANZA LXX.

The traveller passes behind one of the falls of the Giesbach.

52

These strains oft cost the wandering Swiss a tear

STANZA LXXI.

The following Song is only from imagination.

53

The sun is shining full on Staubbach's stream ;

STANZA LXXII.

The Staubbach is 900 feet high, and descends in one waving fleecy torrent almost without sound to the earth.

54

'Tis strange that thou shouldst hold a name so fair!

STANZA LXXIV.

Jungfrau (young woman, virgin). This mountain was considered as inaccessable, which most likely gave rise to its name, but I believe one hunter has lately found his way to its summit, and has therefore destroyed the charm.

55

Yon lofty frozen peaks, grown hoary there,

STANZA LXXIV.

The Silverhorn, Wetterhorn, Faulhorn, Shwartzerhorn, grand et petit Eger, &c.

56

Upon these ramparts mournful I remain,

STANZA LXXVI.

The ramparts of Bern.

THE RHINE,

AND

BELGIUM.

THE RHINE,

AND

BELGIUM.

57

Ye wondrous falls! How vast your angry sea!

STANZA LXXVIII.

Falls of Schaffhausen.

58

And now I gaze on Baden's motley crowd,

STANZA LXXX.

These hot springs were frequented in the time of the Romans, and now are a very fashionable watering place;—gambling is carried on to a ruinous extent here.

59

There lives a monument of bye-gone days,

STANZA LXXXI.

The castle of Heydelberg, one of the finest ruins in Europe.

60

Thy ashes Charlemagne are sleeping there !

STANZA LXXXIII.

In the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle.

61

How little now to mark that scene of death !

STANZA LXXXVI.

With the exception of the Belgian lion.

62

Upon these walls thy pencil's wondrous art

STANZA LXXXIX.

The Cathedral at Antwerp, which contains Rubens' celebrated picture of the "Ascent and descent from the cross".

ERRATA.

STANZA IX, seventh line, *for* "yoked" *read* yokedst.

——— ——eighth line, — "curbed" — curbedst.

——— XIV, sixth line, — "to countless" *read* to the countless.

——— XXII, first line, — "gaze" — muse.

——— XXXV, first line, — "MAGGIORE" — LAGO MAGGIORE.

——— ——— third line, — "dark-haired" — lovely dark-haired.

——— XXXVIII, second line, *for* "coal-black" *read* coal-black eye.

——— XC, second line, — "memory" — fond memory.

Page 59, fourth verse, second and third lines, *for* "e're" *read* ere.

RICHARD NICHOLS, TYPOGRAPHER, WAKEFIELD.

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